STAGE AND GREEN ROOM.

BUTTE, Sept. 15.—From a private letter received from John Maguire, who is at present in New York booking attractions for his Montana houses, the following will be of interest: "I have been very busy since my arrival here and have succeeded in engaging a splendid 'line,' as our dry-goods men say. I arrived here just in time to induce Charles Pratt, who for so many years so successfully managed the late lamented Emma Abbott, to cancel certain towns and give Butte a week of grand opera. This company will close in Denver on a Saturday night, leaving immediately after for Butte and Anaconda, positively the only towns they can appear at in Montana. They travel across the continent in a special train of five cars and locomotive.

"I have several very strong novelties booked for the coming season, in fact, all the New York winners of last season.

"The theaters here are all in full blast this week. I am taking in as many as my time will permit, particularly those attractions that will visit Montana.

"I have concluded arrangements here for the publication of my articles that have appeared in the STANDARD and other newspapers, many of my professional friends being desirous of having the Booth, Barrett articles, etc., in book form.

"I will in a few days send you the list of successful plays and players who have caught New York, Della Fox at the Casino in 'The Little Trooper' being the favorite by big lengths."

Mr. Maguire also mentions that he met Joe Quail of the *World* and Hutchins of the *Sun* and that both look back with pleasant memories to old times and old friends in Montana.

John L. Sullivan, "de actor," has branched out as a critic and writer on the drama. A few days ago he addressed a letter to a New York paper, in his characteristic language, as follows:

As an actor I am very much interested in what is said by men and women on top of my profession. I have read what Mme. Janauschek and Richard Mansfield have had to say lately about the stage and the people on it. I would like to say something to these. I take my hat off to Mme. Janauschek; I remain her's truly. She is a great actress and I would like to have her in my company, but madame is wrong, begging her pardon, when she says that the prizefighter who goes on the stage degrades it. I don't want to degrade the stage. I want to elevate it, but I don't want to elevate it so high that it will be out of sight. I want to play at the people who come to see me. I don't want to play up in the air.

A young fellow I know makes his living going up in a balloon. He told me that after you get up a certain distance it is mighty hard work to breathe. Mme. Janauschek is a fine woman and an actress, every inch of her, but there are some actors and actresses who play in a balloon. The people can't reach their height. If they did they'd smother to death, so they stay away from the theater.

I play on the level and about 90 people out of 100 are on my level. That is one reason why, as Mme. Janauschek says: "The mixer can draw more money than the artist and pugilists can please better than Shakespearean scholars."

It's dead wrong to advise young men that if they want to be actors, "instead of studying to speak English correctly, let them gain a knowledge of uppercuts and knock-out blows." The first thing they must do is to be right on their English. If they hadn't much schooling when they were young they'll find it mighty hard to get right. It's the toughest job I ever tackled, but I'm reading and studying and I'm getting it down fine. Ther's no hurry about it. Go slow.

I read lately about a swell named Lord Chesterfield, who was politer than a master of ceremonies at his own benefit. Lord Chesterfield said to his own son, who needed training: "Whoever is in a hurry shows that the thing he is about is too big for him." Go slow. Don't learn too fast or too full is what I would advise young men who want to become actors.

"Learn to think on your legs," as Tom Moore said of Daniel O'Connell. I can think on my legs. I learned to do it when I fought, and I find it a good thing when I act. Another thing I'd like to say to Mme. Janauschek, with my best regards, only a play with a good moral can be a sure winner. It is a Standard Oil company against a red apple that more people will go to see me knock out the villain than will go to see Mme. Janauschek get the worst end of it as Katharine.

It does the boys in the gallery more good to see a kidnaped child restored to his people than to see a high and mighty duke stab another one in the back and come off without a scratch, and it does every one more good to laugh than to cry. So it's a sure thing that a play with a good moral that hits a man where he lives will win in a finish fight.

It is right that sometimes Dick Mansfield has a big house and sometimes—but not often—I have a small one.

But that same dancing master, Lord Chesterfield, says: "Polished brass will pass upon more people than rough gold." With my kindest regards to Dick Mansfield, I want to say of him that he is a monument of polished brass. In his own eyes he is a little tin Moses. Dick Mansfield has what I used to call "a swelled head." Still here's a standing offer to him to join my company at fifty per week. He'd be a winner for me.

I know all about Dick Mansfield. The greatest mistake he ever made was that he did not double up with another fellow and go upon the variety stage. What business has he got monkeying with Shakespeare?. He can dance, he can sing, he can play the piano, he has some fine specialties, but what does he want to monkey with Shakespeare for?

I'm not used to talking much about myself, but there's my friend, Henry Irving, who is *Mathias* in "The Belle," Henry Irving who is *Shylock* in "The Merchant of Venice," Henry Irving who is the *Devil* in "Faust," why, its a thousand to one that that is Henry Irving; and its beacuse its Henry Irving plays the people go to him, and its because John L. Sullivan plays that people go to see him. A set-to in the third act does not draw the kids to the gallery.

Dick Mansfield says, too, thet the actor "should have no opinions to buy, no critics to placate, no axes to grind or wires to pull. You can buy opinions one way or another, you can win hosts of friends, you can grind axes and pull wires and achieve wealth and fame, but you cannot achieve art."

Dick is away off again. I guess there's no man on the stage or off it who has been roasted oftener than I have. Sometimes I've deserved it, and more times I haven't. I've bought no opinions and I've pulled no wires, but people say now, "John L. is a better actor than he was."

Thank you, Mr. Editor, I am not anxious to rush into the newspapers, but it makes me hot when actors and actresses say themselves that the stage is going to the dogs. It isn't.

THE SEVEN AGES OF THE ACTOR MAN.

At first the Infant.
Mewling and pucking in the nurse's arms;
The heir in some weird drama; doomed to death
By reckless villains; or the butt of comics
Male and female, who of babes make jests
Most ancient stale, unprofitable trite;
The sport of justices, who oft refuse
The necessary license form to grant,
Whereby the manager goes mad, the critics laugh,
And all the world makes merry.
Then the Child,
Clever and cheeky, pinafored and catchelled,
With quip and crank; importunate and rude;
With song and dance, and such precocious guile;
Or else a mawkish mood, and golden curls,
With large, sad eyes; and speeches such
As never were by Child yet spoken;
The parents' lord, the terror of the co.
And then the Lover, melancholy mad,
With long, lank locks, and many mawkish airs;
Vainglorious and fired with high ambition,
Thinking the world his, and all the girls therein;
Longing to "star" and set the world agog;
Spending his gold in vain, and making mirth
When all the world's asleep—a very Prince
In his own estimation.
Then the Heavy,
Full of strange oaths, "Sirrahs," and "Time will come's,"
Jealous of others, sudden and quick to quarrel
With managers; prating of days gone by,
When *he* played Lead; and drinking much, alas!
And saving naught, pursues the downward path
Towards frozen charity.
Then the Old Man,
In fair round belly with good whiskey lined,
With air severe, and wa'k of formal strut;
Full of wise words and ancient instances,
Tales of the good old days, and curses deep,
Of modern men and all their graceless ways—
And so he plays his part.
The sixth age shifts.
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and beard on chin
Some three days old. His youthful gold unsaved;
His once fine voice, his piping childish treble
Attuned to rail; and all the world too small
To air his many woes.
Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is begging tea oft; for quick oblivion's
The fate of Art, as practised by the mime.
In youth he bragged and bluffed, thought all the world
Would go with him, not pass him by;
Nor reeked that other men would supersede
Himself as he had others superseded.
Now he finds himself alone, a pauper;
His name forgotten; knows the pain of being
Sans friends, sans "shop," sans everything!

Dunlop's Stage News.

Dan'l Sully, the Irish-American comedian, will present his best play, "The Millionaire," at the opera house next Friday and Saturday nights. "The Millionaire" is a brightly written play; it is highly dramatic and some of its scenes are very realistic, notably that in the second act where are shown gangs of Irish and Italian laborers actively engaged with the implements of their calling, in digging, blasting and laying railroad ties and rails. Much of the interest of the story of the play is dependent upon the climax of the scene, and it is at its highest when the golden spike is driven and the

road completed in the face of all obstacles, including legal processes, strikes, etc., which are instigated by an opposition line. The interest is intensified by the fact that the road must be finished by a certain hour when, being unfinished, the charter would lapse and thus bring ruin to the hero of the play, *James O'Brien*, a railroad contractor (Mr. Sully). *James O'Brien* is a very loveable character and a beautiful stage personage, inasmuch as he is a thouroughly natural creation and one for which there is much praise due to Mr. Sully. The star has not deemed it necessary in giving this character to don the red flannel shirt, the "Galways" and wag an incoherent tongue. He has depended for comedy upon the mother wit, of which there is a well spring in the Irish nature. Such men as *James O'Brien* are plentiful in the hustling, bustling business world, and they are the bone and sinew of our great institutions. He is a self made man whose lack of early educational advantages are patent, but the deep harmony of perfect manhood rings forth in such thrilling beauty that he wins the hearts of women and children and compels the admiration of men. There are many types of Irishmen to be seen upon the stage, ranging from the caricature of farce comedy to the poetical song singing hero of the Chauncy Olcott school, but for the real flesh and blood man of the people, a praiseworthy study from nature, it is necessary to see Dan'l Sully in "The Millionaire."

Now that Madeline Pollard and Steve Brodie have taken to the stage, people are expecting to see any one or anything exhibited under the guise of a dramatic performance. The latest news is that Herr Most, he of fiery speech fame, is to appear in New York, Oct. 8, in Gerhard Hauptman's revolutionary and realistic drama, "Die Weber." Herr Most himself is authority for the statement, and he affirms, moreover, that he will be a howling success. The Thalia theater on the Bowery will be the scene of the first presentation. The leading part will be taken by Most, who claims considerable ability as an actor. When a young man, he took part in amateur theatricals, and those who have seen the rehearsals say that he is very fine. Rehearsals have been going on for the past few weeks. The actors and actresses are all members of German theatrical societies. If by any mischance any money should be made it will be given to anarchistic papers.

James J. Corbett, says the New York *Telegram* of Tuesday, appeared at the American theater last night in the dramatic anaesthetic labeled "Gentleman Jack." The house was fairly filled. Mr. Corbett endeavored to smile and look pleasant. That is not the easiest thing in the world for him to do. He has not what in the drama is designated a "mobile" countenance. His face has the appearance of having been starched and ironed, and there is always the apprehension that if he suddenly moves his facial muscles the skin will crack. When he does speak his jaw drops and the lips do not seem to move. It is when Corbett attempts to show emotion that his dramatic shortcomings are apparent. His scowl at the villain is not so bad, but when he tries to express pained surprise the effect is ludicrous. He looks exactly like a "scrapper" who had received a disastrous upper cut in the short ribs and could not conceal his annoyance. Throughout the performance Corbett shows that he yearns to be regarded as an actor, but he is compelled from business reasons to keep his pugilistic skill in the foreground. The plot and sentiment of the play are dreary rubbish, with a few fair specialties sandwiched in. Corbett shows ability in punching the bag, and his setto with the tall Mr. O'Donnell of Australia is quite interesting.

That was a heart-breaking parting which took place on the deck of the Augusta Victoria last week, says a New York paper. Maria Tempest, red-eyed and tear stained, was conspicuous on the quarterdeck. It was not compunction for her treatment of Whitney, her late manager, that caused her tears. Seiger, her faithful baritone, did not return with her on the Augusta Victoria. The parting took place in broad daylight and on the open quarter deck. One of the deckhands was the only unofficial timekeeper. According to his watch the kiss lasted exactly 1 minute and 27 seconds. This beats by five seconds the record of the Seiger-Tempest kiss, which achieved such notoriety in "The Algerian," a year ago. After it was all over the ship's orchestra played, "When We Two Parted."

According to a return which has been compiled by a Paris newspaper there is a theater in Paris for every 32,000 inhabitants, one in Berlin for 81,000, one in Bordeaux for 84,000, one in Buda-Pesth for 85,000, one in Hamburg for 113,000 and one in London for 145,000. But there are more theaters, proportionately to the population, in Italy than in any other country, there being one to 9,800 inhabitants in Catania, one to 15,000 in Florence, one to 20,000 in Bologna, one to 24,000 at Venice, one to 30,000 at Milan and Turin, and one to 31,000 in Rome.

From the time he beat Sullivan, which brought him in $35,000 gross, but less than $26,000 net, Corbett has made a great deal of money. Out of it he paid off a $5,000 mortgage on his father's house in San Francisco, bought a farm near Jerome Park for $33,000, and purchased a residence on Eighty-eighth street, New York, for $23,000. He gave this house to Mrs. Corbett as a birthday present. So if he never fights Jackson, or anybody else, Corbett will not be so badly off.

The American stage has fallen pretty low, says Dunlop, when it receives such a combination of slang, vulgarity and drivel as "On the Bowery," in which is exploited that notorious tough, Steve Brodie, who has alleged so many times that he jumped off the Brooklyn bridge that he has come to almost believe it himself. Brodie can best render a service to humanity by essaying the leap in real earnest.

Mrs. McKee Rankin is one of the most recent additions to the changing company of Richard Mansfield. That actor, Mr. Mansfield, announces that he is growing tired of wandering over the face of the earth, and would like to own or rent a theater in New York.

Edison has patented a bombshell for stage purposes that bursts with a bang and a glare, but does not eject smoke into the eyes of the audience and throw pieces of itself through the auditorium. It will be used in some of the war plays that are to be revived in the fall.

Nat C. Goodwin denies that he and Irving quarreled in London, because the latter, in a speech at the club, spoke of him as "my little friend Nit Goodrich."

The president of the American Railway union is to be made the principal character in an extravaganza by an Omaha dramatist. "King Debs" is the title of the piece.

Gen. N. P. Banks, the famous father of Maude Banks, who died in Waltham, Mass., last week, was an actor in his youth, but left the stage for politics.

Filling an Order.

From Good News.

Newsboy. "Say, d'yeh remember them old papers you had printed for the Washington Centennial?"

Clerk. "Do you mean the fac-similes of a paper of a hundred years ago?"

"That's it. Funny little paper, with queer letters."

"Yes. Well?"

"I want one."

"What for?"

"A sick lady at the hotel across the street wants a newspaper wid no accounts of riots and murders and robbers in it."